

The Evening World.
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
 Published Daily Except Sundays, by The News Publishing Company, No. 41 to 45 Park Row, New York.
 RALPH PULITZER, President, 45 Park Row.
 J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 45 Park Row.
 JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 45 Park Row.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
 Subscription Rates: For Foreign, and for the United States and Canada.
 One Year.....\$3.50 One Year.....\$9.75
 Six Months.....\$2.00 Six Months.....\$5.00
 VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,929

PLAYING VILLA'S GAME.

WHILE Carranza is exacting reciprocal favors and uttering his stiff civilities the murderer-brigand is retreating deeper into the mountains of a part of Mexico which he knows as he knows the palm of his hand, and where the people are for the most part his admiring friends.

This is unfortunate. Every day of delay gives Villa a better chance of laying plans and choosing hiding places which may give his pursuers weeks or months of hard work before they even get a glimpse of him.

Carranza's wish to reconcile Mexican public opinion to the presence of United States troops on Mexican soil has received due consideration from this Government. The Mexican General's troops will have the privilege of crossing into American territory whenever there is reason for it.

But how much further and longer is Mexican public opinion to be coddled? The only public opinion that Carranza considers must be public opinion that supports the de facto Government. The worst foe of the de facto Government is Villa. Instead of parleying until Villa adds to his strength by becoming more than ever the outlaw here, why not try the effect on Mexican public opinion of a prompt movement of Mexican troops joined with United States forces in pursuit of the common enemy?

AMBASSADORS ARE HUMAN.

SOME method should be devised by which hard-working United States Ambassadors can get a rest without starting a round of rumors that they have fallen down on the job. Other public officials take a vacation now and then and nobody wonders why. But because a representative of the nation at a foreign court has to be authorized by his Government to leave his post inference is always ready to hint that he can't be leaving of his own accord.

For the last eighteen months there have probably been few harder worked men in Berlin than Ambassador Gerard. Nobody needs to be told the amount of diplomatic business he has had to handle for his own country. In addition the American Embassy at Berlin has been performing innumerable services for belligerent Governments who no longer have representatives at the German capital. Furthermore, only a few weeks ago Mr. Gerard broke his collar-bone—which hardly acts as a tonic on a tired man.

Mr. Gerard deserves a holiday at home or wherever he chooses to take it. That is the way the State Department feels about him. His fellow citizens wish him fullest benefit from the rest he has well earned.

JAPAN'S MERCHANT MARINE.

JAPAN has made remarkable progress in shipping, but persons in this country who try to scare us with the vision of gigantic Japanese merchantmen converted into instruments of war bearing down upon us, fleet after fleet, are referred to figures which a Tokio newspaper compiles from a report of the Japanese Department of Communications.

The fact is Japan has only six ships of more than 10,000 tons. She has only sixty-six that register above 5,000 tons. Her whole merchant marine consists of 2,132 vessels over twenty tons, with a total tonnage of 1,604,900. The United States merchant marine numbered in 1915 over 26,000 ships with a total tonnage of more than 8,300,000. The figures speak for themselves.

Nevertheless what Japan has done is wonderful when we realize that it has been done in fifteen years. For a period of 218 years—from 1635 to 1853—to build a vessel of more than fifty tons in Japan was against the Imperial laws! In 1845, we are told, a Russian man-of-war was wrecked on the coast of Japan and submerged by an earthquake. The surviving Russian sailors started building a wooden schooner, which was the first time Japanese shipbuilders had ever had a chance to study the actual construction of European vessels. It was not until 1890 that Japan built her first steel ship.

Hits From Sharp Wits

You've probably noticed that some people make the mistake of piling on more style than they can comfortably carry.—Dean.

If people could see themselves as others see them they would see a composite picture.

There is also a lot of room at the bottom, but most of it is occupied.

By going to vaudeville shows you ascertain how jokes sound when spoken which you have been reading.—Albany Journal.

The older the tradition the more it is loved by the superstitious.

Also, every minute there is born a

Letters From the People

Editor of a Quaker Prophecy.
 The editor of the Evening World.
 While looking over some old books the other day I came across this, an alleged "Quaker Prophecy," which, in effect, as follows: When the present ruler's father, Frederick, in the year 1848, consulted a celebrated seer, he asked the fortune-teller these three questions: 1. "When will Germany become a united empire?" The seer's answer was, "In 1871." 2. "When shall I die?" The answer was, "In 1881." 3. "When will the German Empire be-

Such Is Fame.

ONE of the Parsons picture houses showed a current-event picture last week. Among the events was a glimpse of Carranza, the noted leader, leaving America. When the smiling face of Carranza was shown on the screen a young woman turned to

The Gila Monster

By J. H. Cassel



Womanhood and Revenge

By Sophie Irene Loeb

A present society seems aroused because a Texas girl shot and killed a man, who, she claims, wronged her. This is what she said: "I was sitting in the car alone when Mr. Warren came along, and I thought it would be a good time to kill him! Just like that!"

If this murder is justifiable, then there are hundreds of men, right in New York City, that ought to be shot the minute. Every day there are cases before the courts similar to that of this young woman. Aside from the element of extreme youth in this instance, and the fact that her husband's family is rich and influential, here is just like any other case of its kind.

While the honor of women should be the first consideration in the great progress of the race, yet to condemn the "right" to take a life for any reason is just as essential. Here is a young woman who, two days after the shooting, was happily married. Her husband knew all about the "other man" before he married her, and it is said, even agreed with her that the man should be shot. So she did the deed. For two months the murder was a secret.

It seems to me, however, that it was more a reckless, youthful, bravado spirit, a vindication in the eyes of her fiancé that was responsible, more than real retribution. Else, would it not have been better to have told her elders, had them deal with the man according to the law, and thus perhaps saved herself all the present publicity?

This woman has the advantage of having an influential family behind her to fight for her defense in court. But how about the girl who has no such advantage and hides her shame and grief in silence?

To give all these girls the example of the so-called unwritten right to kill would certainly create chaos, to say the least. What we need are laws, stringent laws, where men will be properly punished by the most severe sentences for wilfully taking advantage of youth and its ignorance—statutes that in some way may be upheld by honorable Judges or referees of the highest caliber; and where a young woman need not be forever branded afterwards because of the publicity attending such cases.

If women are seeking equality of the sexes, then a man has a right to be heard, as well as a woman. He should have his day in court, and the woman he has seemingly wronged should not be the judge, the jury and the executioner all in one.

Too often are young women willing partners of wrong, knowing full well that marriage is the only honorable outlet which should be forthcoming even when the marriage offer is withheld and the marriage interest, a

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WHEN Mrs. Jarr?" asked the fond husband and affectionate father as he entered his domicile the other evening and sensed the absence of the priestess of the sanctuary.

Gertrude, the light-running domestic, had rushed back to the kitchen after opening the door for him. She smelled the supper burning and she hurried to be present when it burned. So Mr. Jarr passed back into the flat and again asked where Mrs. Jarr was.

"She went downtown and told me not to keep supper waiting for her," replied Gertrude as she turned the dinner—it was a beefsteak—over, so the other side might also be incinerated.

"Where are the children?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She took 'em with her," replied Gertrude. "Shall I serve the supper now, sir?"

Gertrude felt it was time. Both sides of the steak were burned nicely.

"No," said Mr. Jarr, "they'll all be back any minute. Keep the supper warm. I'll wait a little."

Mr. Jarr took the evening papers and tried to read.

"Won't you have your supper, Mr. Jarr?" asked Gertrude, looking in.

"Mrs. Jarr told me not to wait for her, and I have an engagement and my gentleman friend is waiting for me."

"You can go," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm sure the folks will be home any moment now."

The girl put on her hat, took Mrs. Jarr's fan and a few other personal ornaments she had cached aside and departed. By this time Mr. Jarr had the digest. First, he began to reflect that he was a much-abused man, and half resolved that he would go out and seek the cheerful companionship of Gus's place. Then he began to wonder if his wife and children had met with any accident, a smash-up in the subway, disaster in being run over by a murderous joy-rider, or smashed in a falling elevator.

Other dire possibilities crossed his mind, from a glider falling from a skyscraper in the process of erection to the blowing up of a manhole in the streets. Women and children seldom carry any data of identification. Perhaps they were now in the hospital, maybe in the Morgue!

The realization of how empty his life would be in case of such a calamity made the cold perspiration stand on his forehead. He got up and turned on the light with shaking hands. A tormenting sub-thought that he tried to laugh at made its aching influence felt. Suppose she had left him? Suppose she had taken the children?

Yes, he had been pretty good, but such things DO happen. HAVE happened.

Then he laughed at himself again and began to wonder if Mrs. Jarr might not have stopped in at a friend's house. He worked the telephone briskly for ten minutes and asked cautious questions of the Ranglers, the Mudricks, the Hickets and even the Strivers. He would have called up Mrs. Jarr's mother in Brooklyn, but that economical old lady had no telephone.

He was putting on his overcoat to go to his wife's mother in Brooklyn on a forlorn hope when Mrs. Jarr walked in. The children were with her.

"We were over to Mrs. Gotes in Brooklyn," said Mrs. Jarr. "She called me up on the telephone and said she was having a children's

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

JUST ABOUT DOGS, By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that the one can speak and the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect. It hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysics. At the same blow it saves him from many superstitions and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justified.

To a dog of gentlemanly feeling theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten. But to be caught lying, if he understands it, instantly uncovers his deco.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been credited with modesty. It is amusing how the use of language blinds the faculties of man—that because vainglorious flimsy no vent in words creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault as gross as the dog's. If a small spotted dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech he would praise interminably about himself. When we entertained friends we should be forced to look him in a mirror. And what with his whining jealousies and his foibles for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position of the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves her independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into a slavery and praised and petted into a companion of his nature. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretensions to gallantry, is spent in a vain show and in the hot pursuit of admiration. Take out your puppy for

equivalent to 5.5 per cent. ammonia and 50.3 per cent. bone phosphate. This means bones of extremely high fertilizing quality.

The principal problems to be faced in marketing this valuable discovery are those of loading and transportation. Native labor is plentiful at \$1.50 per day. A heavy surf and an absence of harbors mean either that lighters must be used or an aerial cable stretched from the shore to an off-lying vessel.

It has been suggested that the navy collier which takes coal to Alaskan points and the islands several times a year be utilized for the transportation of the bones. The collier could easily carry 5,000 or 6,000 tons each trip, or about a quarter of a million dollars' worth. Grinding costs but 75 cents a ton.

Or it may develop that it will prove more profitable to ship to Japan, a country which figures as a substantial importer of fertilizer material.

Any way you slice it, we stand to clean up a sizeable fortune on these old bones. Suppose there are forty shiploads. Forty shiploads at \$250,000 per load means \$10,000,000. And that's a time for every man, woman and child in the country. Let's buy a cigar right now and enjoy our share of our unexpected legacy.

Savings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

MY DAUGHTER, listen unto my wisdom, for I have known much Husband!

And that which my Wedding Ring hath taught me I will tell thee freely, that thou mayest not stumble in the path of Matrimony, nor set thy feet in subtle snares.

Behold, there dwell two Brides in Babylon who have married upon a THEORY.

And the First Bride said unto the Second:

"Lo, unto me marriage is an Ideal, NOT a Deal! Behold, mine Husband is my Companion, and I am his Soulmate and his Equal. Therefore shall I ask nothing of him save Love and Loyalty—nay, not even so much as a shekel."

"For I am not his Chattel, to be 'Bought and Paid For!'"

But the Second Bride answered her, saying:

"Verily, verily, I admire thy spirit of Independence."

"But alas! unto ME Marriage is a Graft, and mine Husband is my Good Thing. Therefore shall I demand Everything of him."

"And in return I shall give him nothing but kisses and flattery and, peradventure, three hot meals a day."

Now, at the end of the first year the two Brides were again gathered together.

And the First Bride wore a last year's hat and the remains of her going-away gown.

But the Second Bride came in a limousine and was covered in sables and diamonds.

And the First Bride cast herself at the feet of the Second Bride and wept, saying:

"Look upon me, Little Wisaheimer! Alas, alas! what have all my Advanced Theories profited me?"

"For, behold! mine Husband hath taken me at my Word! And because I asked NOTHING he hath given me nothing—nay, not even the Love and Loyalty which I did ask! Lo! even now he sporteth with a Chemical Blonde. For he hath plenty of Leisure wherein to amuse himself!"

But the Second Bride comforted her, saying:

"Be of good cheer, oh, Foolish One, and profit by thine EXPERIENCE. For this much hath thou gotten in return for all thy labors."

"Lo! as for Me, I have kept mine husband so busy supplying my wants and catering to my whims and my vagaries that he hath no TIME wherein to look at other women. Yea, when he returneth from his labors he is too weary to seek pleasures and yearneth for nothing save to lay his head upon my shoulder and be petted and cajoled and caressed."

"Verily, verily, unto her that demandeth much from a man shall be given even more than she demandeth, but unto her that demandeth nothing shall be denied even the little which she asketh."

"Behold! I did put a HIGH Price Tag upon myself, but then didst give thyself away as a Trading Stamp. And why shall an husband cherish a woman that holdeth herself cheaper than a cigarette coupon?"

"For when a man seeketh an automobile he seeketh a bargain, but when he seeketh a wife he seeketh a treasure, and the more she costeth him the more he treasureth her."

"It is written thus in the Book of Husbands:

"Yea, verily, in every marriage there is ONE Good Thing—and one only. I charge thee, see to it that Thou art not 'IT!'"

Selah.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

AT first thought old bones do not impress one as being particularly valuable. But the American farmer has learned that bones can be ground into a powder and applied to impoverished soil will so enrich it that he considers ground bones at \$4.00 a ton a mighty good investment.

Not only do we consume for this purpose all the bones accumulating in our packing houses, but we import over a million dollars' worth annually from Argentina, Canada, Mexico and Uruguay.

Hence Uncle Sam's delight at recently discovering in his own backyard the vastest deposit of bones ever known on the Prinkoff Islands, the property of the Government, off the Alaskan coast, lie many millions of dollars' worth of bones. For over a century these bones, a by-product of the seal industry, have been accumulating in the sea. They cover several square miles and range in depth from two to six feet.

A chemical analysis made by the Bureau of Soil and Water, U. S. Department of the Interior, shows that the deposits shows an average of about 4.5 per cent. of nitrogen and about 25 per cent. of phosphoric acid.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

IS it ever right to break an engagement of marriage?

I firmly believe that it is not only right, but essential that such an engagement should be broken when either one of the two persons involved no longer loves the other. To marry in such conditions is to keep the letter of a vow and break it in spirit. Of course, it is sad and unfortunate when one of two persons wishes to be released from an engagement which the other stands ready to fulfill. The person who still loves must suffer. Nevertheless, that same individual would suffer infinitely more if the marriage were to take place and the persons in affection were discovered afterward. A quick, clean break, however painful, will save a long-drawn-out agony.

Does She Care?

"W. L." writes: "I am in love with a young lady and when we are alone together she acts as if she cared for me. But at a social or a dance she turns to other young men and she has little or nothing to say to me till the time when we leave for home. I have a position which will not permit me to entertain her as well as some other young men. Do you think I can win her love?"

No long as she has not announced her engagement to some one else you have a fair chance, and if she is the right sort or she does not go with any other one of the two persons involved no longer loves the other. To marry in such conditions is to keep the letter of a vow and break it in spirit. Of course, it is sad and unfortunate when one of two persons wishes to be released from an engagement which the other stands ready to fulfill. The person who still loves must suffer. Nevertheless, that same individual would suffer infinitely more if the marriage were to take place and the persons in affection were discovered afterward. A quick, clean break, however painful, will save a long-drawn-out agony.

Thrill

By Samuel Smiles

(By Permission of Harper & Brothers.)

No. 27—The Miser.

WHE do not in the least advocate the formation of miserly, parsimonious habits; for we hate the miser. All that we contend for is that men should provide for the future; that they should provide during good times for the bad times which almost invariably follow them; that they should lay by a store of savings as a breakwater against want and make sure of a little fund which may maintain them in old age, secure their self-respect and add to their personal comfort and social well-being. Thrift is not in any way connected with avarice, usury, greed or selfishness. It is, in fact, the very reverse of these disgusting dispositions. It means economy for the purpose of securing independence. Thrift requires that money should be used and not abused—that it should be honestly earned and economically employed.